

Ragnadottir

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Summary: A dragon rider is torn apart by grief and hate and only seeks one thing. The Hotline to Hel. But there is one girl who refuses to let him suffer alone, she vows to stand by him whatever the situation. She is willing to pay the price to be with her love - even if the consequences are eternal. Please read and review, constructive criticism appreciated.

1. Didrika

With shaking hands he carved the damned name into the stone, hatred burning as bright as the smouldering fire. He stepped back to see the name among hundreds of others.

Drago bludvist

He couldn't help it. Ever since he found out it ate away at his resistance. But now he'd done it but now he couldn't believe it.

Was he really so bent on revenge that he'd be willing to send someone to hel?

Nevertheless, he killed his father, he destroyed the village and broke the love of his life " why should he have to feel guilty?

A low rumble brought his attention to the night fury waiting at the mouth of cave. The dragon growled and crouched, snarling at the red glow growing deeper into the cave.

It must be him.

He slowly crept towards the dim glow and came to see a _girl_ in a red traditional Viking dress and her black hair tumbling past her shoulders. Her red eyes unemotional and fixed on the chief.

"Are you- the the Hel Correspondence?"

"Is it true?"

"Yeah. The doll's in my satchel." She made him look at her, tears shining in her eyes.

"_Please_ don't do it. It's not worth paying the price."

"Astrid, he killed my father, he let those men... hurt you, and he destroyed all we've ever worked for. I can't let him get away with this." She didn't know what to say.

"I'm so sorry. But I have to do this. It's the only way he'll ever get what he deserves." astrid said nothing only taking his hand in hers.

"If you untie the string... then let- let me go with you."

"What?! Astrid _no_. You've done nothing wrong."

"What's the point of going to Valhalla if I know I'll never see you again?"

"You'll be safe and happy."

"I'll miss you. Hiccup, this is your body and soul we're talking about!"

'I know. But doesn't he deserve to be punished Astrid?'

"Not like this!" the chief sighed.

"I'll think about it." Really, all he could do was think.

[illegible]

That night he lay in his bed and thought of the first time he heard of the hell correspondence.

It was only a week following the destruction of berk and the crowning of a new chief. Construction was back breaking work and the Vikings laboured long into the night. There were no dragon races, the riders were shaken and thrown by the recent events. Hiccup was swamped with work and Astrid never spoke to anyone now. The twins' zippleback reacted badly to the overdose of tranquiliser shot by the dragon trappers, and were constantly under observation. Meatlug had broken several bones and hookfang's snout was crushed under the pressure of Drago's boot. They kept to themselves, socializing only when they had to. People noticed these changes, they were no longer the lively teens they once were. They were different, their spirits extinguished and their hearts broken knowing things would never be the same.

One person had caused all of this.

The chief of the Meathead clan and some of his lieutenants were coming to visit for a trade. The ships Meatheads sailed in from the horizon, the first of them already docking and unloading. Several teenage Vikings landed on deck laughing and goofing around.

I wonder.

Hiccup sat on the cliff overlooking the commotion, a stack of papers weighted under a rock beside him. An unsuspecting Viking wouldn't realize he was there if he didn't look up. The chief's boat was one of the last sailing in. He would go down to meet him when it docked.

"Did you hear about the Stoick's death?" said one of the boys.

"I heard his son's own dragon killed him."

Typical meathead.

'Lucky for Drago hiccup doesn't know about the hell correspondence.

— ? —

"Er..."

"The Elders in the village say that you can summon the ferryman to hell and wreak revenge on the one that causes you pain by scratching their name into cooled lava stone."

Really?

"_Please!_ That's just a legend. And anyway, even if it was real I heard you always end up dead."

"I wouldn't be so sure if I were you. Drago better watch out. With a guy with a night fury he won't get very far."

"what did he do?"

"Don't you remember? He told the Bewilderbeast to controls the night fury, and then made it kill Stoick."

He'd thought it was crazy; Just ramblings of immature teens. But then it began to weigh down on his mind, until it was the only thing he thought about. His conscience told him he wasn't that sort of person, his brain told him it was impossible. Stupid. But his logic told him:

He deserved it.

That same night he slipped out the window on the back of his dragon and flew off for Dragon Island. After circling the island he found the crater in the mountain. The very wall the red death burst through five years ago. Only a gargantuan carcass remained, picked clean by scavengers.

Flying through the hole he used the lamp against the wall until he found a ledge far into the mountain, the unfortunate names nicked into stone played shadows on the rock face...

[illegible]

He pulled the straw doll from under his bed and took hold of the red string.

He pulled it.

The room became cold as a rush of wind whipped the string and the doll out of his hands he watched as it dissolved into nothingness.

2. Didrika's Story

The hell girl appeared to him today.

He was strolling through the woods with Astrid. Their dragons had a dentist appointment with Gobber. They decided to kill some time by heading to the cove. They scrambled down the rocks into the quiet cove. And there she was, hovering over the water. Astrid and hiccup paused.

"Why hello." She said. Hiccup unsheathed his sword.

"What are you doing here?" The girl chuckled. Far warmer than she was the last time they had met.

"Calm down! I only have a proposition for you." She smiled at Astrid.

"Both of you." He took Astrid's hand.

"This is between you and me. Touch her and I'll--"

"Easy there. I just want to ask you a question." He didn't respond.

"Hiccup. Do you really wish to leave her?"

"Of course not."

"Because you love her. I've never met anyone like you. All the people I've met they were already torn and ruined by hate. All the loved ones they ever had were long gone. You want to avenge your father but you haven't forgotten the one that has supported you all these years." He faltered.

"Sit." She gesture to the red blanket lain with food. They sat cautiously, still gripping their weapons tightly.

"I used to be a normal person like you. Four hundred years ago." She popped a cherry in her mouth.

"In our village we had this thing called the seven rights. A seven year old child would be sent to the mountains alone as a sacrifice for the gods. They believed it would bring them good harvest. One year I was chosen."

"Is that why you'reâ€¦ dead?"

She sighed. "No. I wish it were that simple. My parents and a friend helped me. My friend, he would bring me food and clothing. This went on for three years. I realized that maybe sooner or later we could've been more than friends. Until we discovered by some boys grazing

their sheep."

"And they killed you?"

"Yes. They beat me and had me buried alive with my parents. They made my friend shovel in the dirt. I swore to take revenge. I hated them for everything they did. The thing is I had so much hate for the village that it attracted attention from the mistress of hell. She let my soul rise from my body and I took revenge by setting their homes alight. She said that to repay her for letting me avenge myself and to free my parent's souls, I had to act as a messenger for people's hatred and vengeance. She said in order to do this I had to forget my own hatred and numb myself to the sufferings of others. She said my parent's souls would wander forever lost in hell. I had no choice."

"That's why you do what you do." Astrid asked.

"What's this got to do with us?"

"She also said that when I was ready I would take her place as ruler of hell. And I need someone to take my place."

"You wan't me to send people to hell?"

"Pretty much."

"I still don't get it."

"when hiccup becomes the new messenger you can be with him." The two looked at each other.

"Astrid?" he asked.

"When you told me you wanted to send Drago to hell, I knew I would never see you again. But nowâ€¦ this could be my chance. You were going to suffer, and if it's one thing I wouldn't I do was leave you to suffer alone."

"You have seven days until I'm crowned. Do you accept?"

"I-" hiccup started.

"Yes. I accept. Only if hiccup does.'

"Well you're not going to let me do this alone either way so I guess I have to accept. I don't want you to suffer like I will.'

"I'm grateful. You realize now that you have seven days to live. Don't you? Every day you'll get a mark of hell upon your soul."

"What about our dragons? We can't leave them here."

"Fine. They can go with you. But you must remember. Both of you must set your hate aside and forget how to feel. Then and only then will you be able to live as a messenger of vengeance. Astrid you must assist him, support him like you always have. In my years of isolation my grandmother helped me through thick and thin. She made sure I never broke my promise. She loved me."

" And love amongst hate is the strongest force in the pit of hell.'

End
file.